

A Packet of Letters.

vertue, may bring you to honour : to which, if my helpe may a-
vaille, I will say Amen to such prayers, as may be made in a
good mind: In which, hoping you will labour to rest in, I leave
you to your best rest, and so rest,

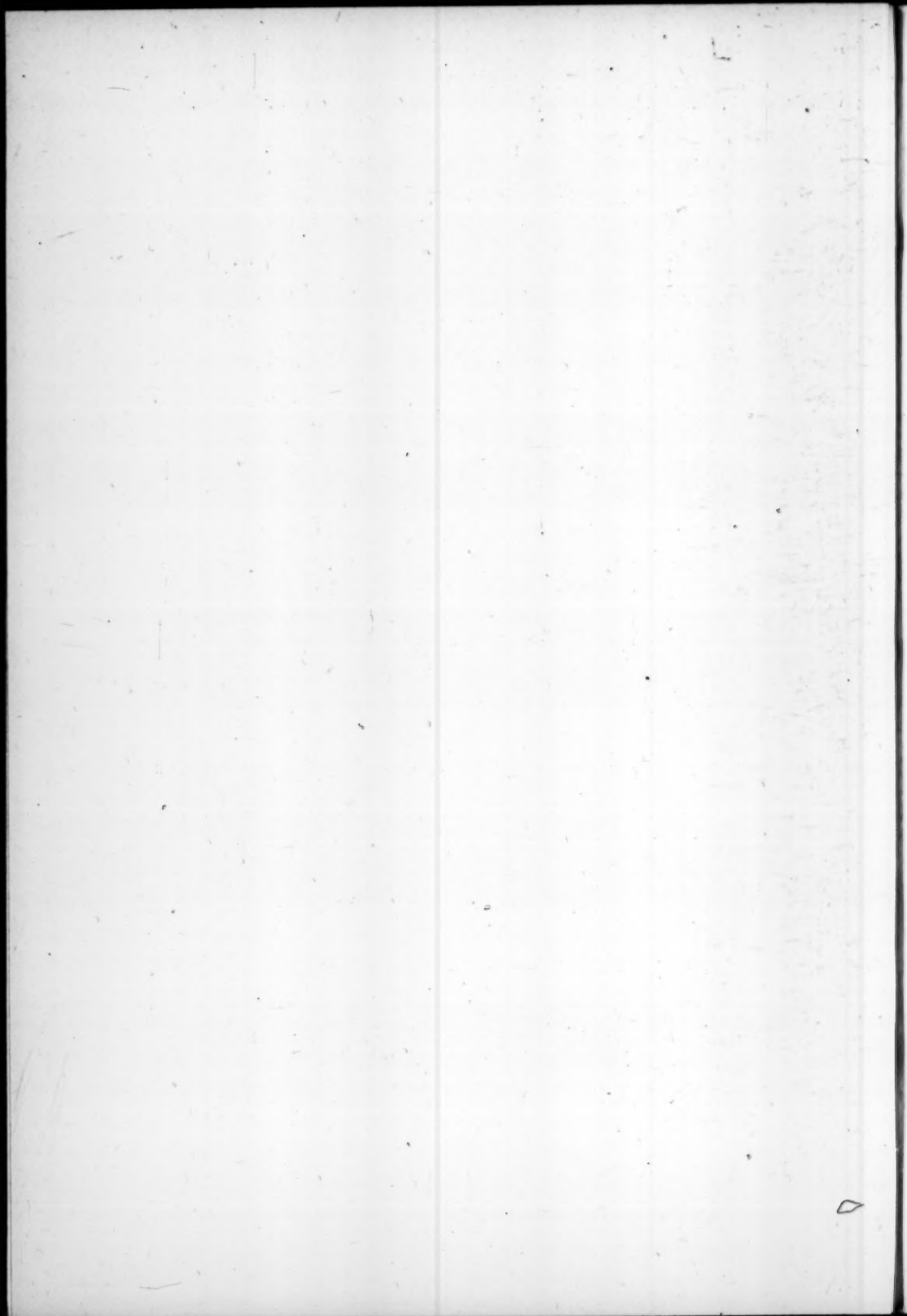
Your friend, as farre as I may not be mine

owne enemy.

S. P.

FINIS.







To the right Honorable and vertuous
Lady, the Lady SARA HASTINGS,
Nicholas Breton wisheth all happinesse in
this world, and eternall ioyes hereafter.

(*)



Right Honourable, your zealous loue
to diuine studies, hath made the
Muses of that nature, to present
your fauour with the best frutes of
their delights, which in the exercise
of their spirituall Contemplations, haue brought
forth these comfortable Meditations: which bound
up in this little volume, they haue presumed
with my seruice, to present to your good Lady-
ship, beseeching the same, with that good fa-
uour to accept them, that may vnder heauen be
the greatest grace, that they desire vnto them.

*It is intituled, The Harmony of the Soule ,
who in the gracious thoughts of Gods blessing,
and humble talke with his mercy, thinks her
selfe halfe in beauen ere shee come there: where,
after that you haue passed a happy pilgrimage on
this earth, God send you the eternall felicity of
the Faithfull.*

Your Ladiships in all humblenesse ,

Nicholas Breton.

The



The Soules Harmony.

GOD.

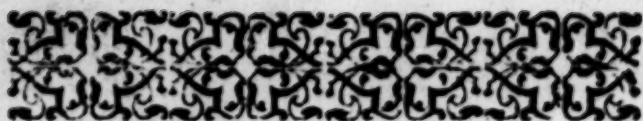
G *Race in all Glories height,
On whom all Glories waste,
Describes my ioyes conceit.*

I E S V S.

I *Oy in the highest of the height of ioy,
Holding the state of the Celestiall story,
Eternall life, that doth all deaths destroy,
Son to that grace, that makes the Fathers Glory,
Vnmarched Power, in Mercies Princely might:
Such is the substance of my Soules delight,*

C H R I S T.

C *Leere is the Sunne, that doth for ever shine,
Heauily that light, that giues al eies their seee
Royal that Crown, which neuer can decline, (Ing,
Imperious Power, that giues al pow'rs their being.
Such is the Power, the Crown the Light, the Sun,
That neuer ends where Glory first begun.*



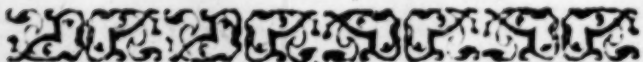
The Soules Harmony.

(light,
My soules loues life, & lifes loues soules de-
How highly are thy holy Angels blest,
That in thy grace enjoy the glorious light,
Wherein the summe of all their ioy doth rest!

What heauenly musike may those muses sing,
Who set their consort by thy sacred skill,
And angels quauers make the Quire to ring,
While vertues ayre doe all the voyces fill!

How may those Spirits be with ioyes possest,
That may be ravisht with this royall sight:
Where Peter saw, and in his seeing blest,
My soules liues loue, & loues lifes soules delight!

O blessed Peter, blest in such a seeing: (being.
Well might he sing, Sweete Lord, here is good
D





The Soules Harmony.

O Gracious God, and Lord of mercies might,
Why do I liue amid this world of woes,
When euery day doth seeme to me as night,
While sorowes seek my Spirits ouerthrowes?

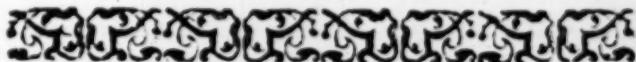
I heare thy word, and would obey thy will,
But want the power, y^e might performe my due:
I know the good, and faine would leaue the ill,
And feare the sorow that doth sinne ensue:

And yet I fall into that depth of sinne,
That makes me feare the iudgement: of thy wrath,
Vntill thy grace doth all my helpe begin,
To know what comfort Faith in Mercy hath.

O blessed light, that shewes in mercies eye,
While Faith doth liue, that loue can neuer die.

A 4

Lord,





The Soules Harmony.

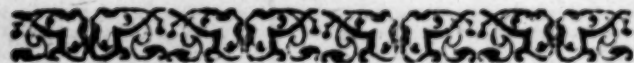
Lord, when I thinke how I offend thy will,
And know what good is in obedience to it,
And see my hurt, and yet continue still
In doing ill, and cannot leaue to doe it :

And then againe, doe feele that bitter smart,
That inward byrds of pleasures after paine,
When scarce the thought is entred in my heart,
But it is gone, and sinne gets in againe:

And when, againe, the act of sinne is past,
And that thy grace doth call me backe againe:
Then in my teares I runne to thee as fast,
And of my sinnes, and of my selfe complaine.

What can I do but cry, Sweete Iesus, save me:
For I am nothing, but what thou wilt haue mee.

Q





The Soules Harmony.

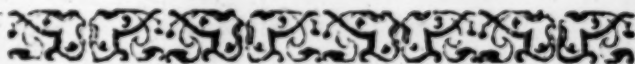
O Lord, that livest in that life of life,
Which all thou art, and of thy selfe alone :
Whose sacred word is that soules cutting knife,
That doth deuide the marrow from the bone.

O glorious God, of grace and mercy more,
When heart and soule are able to conceiue,
And seest the teares that mercy doth imploze,
And wilt not faith in feares discomfort leaue :

My God, my Lord, my soules life dearest loue,
How so my sinnes haue thy displeasure moued,
Let my soules teares thy glorious mercy moue,
To make me feele, how faith may be beloued.

That being set from sin and sorrow free,
I may not cease to sing in praise of thee.

My





The Soules Harmony.

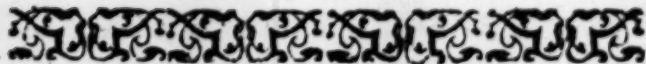
(thine,
My heavenly lone, from that high throns of
Where gracious mercy sits in glozles seat,
In that true pity of thy power diuine,
That dyes the teares that mercy do intreat:

Behold, sweet Lord, these bléding drops of lone,
That melt my soule in sozrow of my sinne,
And let these showres some drops of mercy moue,
That in my grieve my comfort may begin.

Let not despaire confound my praying hope,
That begs an almes at thy mercies gate;
But let thy grace thy hand of bounty ope,
That comfort yélds, which neuer comes too late:

That in the care of my consuming grieve,
My ioyfull soule may sing of thy reliefe.

Oh,





The Soules Harmony.

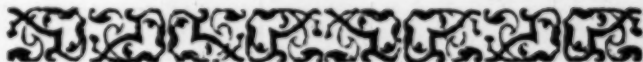
Oh that my soule were purified so,
It might no moze be subiect vnto sinne,
And that my care might onely seeke to know,
How humble grace doth mercies lone begin.

(Such,
Oh, that my thoughts, my words & deedes were
As might not swarue frō my deare Saviours will,
And that my truth might neuer haue a tuch
O; false conceit, so; to excuse mine ill.

And that the world were vnto me a hell,
But where I see his saints in their lones service,
And I might dye, till I might liue to dwell
In some such place to doe some pleasing office,

That he might be, who doth my death destroy,
All aboue all, and all in all my ioy.

The





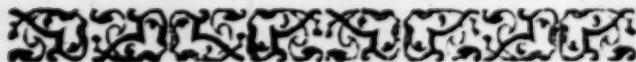
The Soules Harmony.

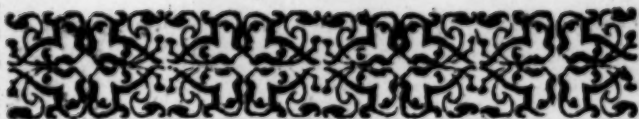
THe woꝝ'dly Prince doth in his Scepter hold
A kind of heauen in his authorities:
The wealthy miser in his masse of gold,
Makes to his soule a kind of Paradise :

The Epicure that eats and drinks all day,
Accounts no heauen but in his hellish rowts ;
And she, whose beauty seems a sunny day,
Makes by her heauen, but in her babies clowts.

But, my sweete God, I seeke no Princes power,
No Misers wealth, no; beauties fading glosse,
Which paper sin, whose sweets are inward sow-
And soꝝꝝ gains, that breed the spirits losse. (er,

So, my deare Lord, let my heauen onely bee,
In my lones seruice, but to liue to thee.





The Soules Harmony.

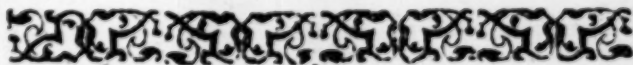
O God, forgive the greatnesse of my sinne:
I am not worthy to imploze thy grace,
The loathsome sinke, that I lie tumbling in,
With filthy shame hath couered all my face.

I haue deseru'd the depth of all thine ire,
To know thy will, yet wilfully offend,
My soule deserues in the eternall fire,
To feele the torments that shall neuer end.

But, Lord, thy mercy is aboue thy wrath,
Thou dost not loy to see a sinners death,
And true repentance in thy mercy hath
The blessed foode that giues the spirit breath:

Where praying hope, in heart can perish neuer,
While humble faith doth liue in loy for ever.

What





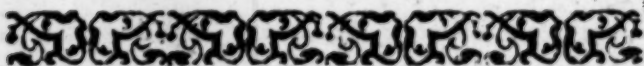
The Soules Harmony.

What is the gold of all this world: but
The ioy, but sorrow, & pleasure pain,
The wealth, but beggery, and the gain but losse,
The wit, but folly, and the vertue vaine;

The power but weaknesse, and but death the life,
The hope but feare, and the assurance doubt,
The trust deceit, the concord but a strife;
Where one conceit doth put another out:

Time but an instant, and the use a toyle,
The knowledge, blindnesse, & the care a madness;
The silver, lead, the Diamond, but a soyle,
The rest, but trouble, and the mirth but sadness.

Thus since to heaven compar'd the earth is such,
What thing is man to love the world so much?
Oh,





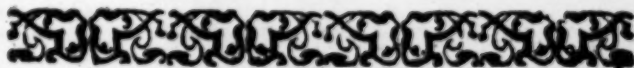
The Soules Harmony.

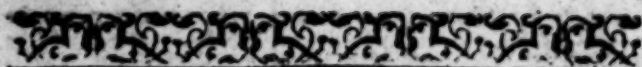
O ^{(107,} would man thinke but on the woꝛld of
which in the heaues the chosen shall receiue,
And then againe vpon this woꝛlds annoy,
Where hellish baits the wicked do deceiue!

Would he but looke vpon the Angels graces,
The Paradieses of their heauenly pleasures,
And then vpon the diuels ougly faces, (sures!
With all their toꝛments endlesse without men-

Would men thus make a differēce in their minds
Twixt light and darknes, and the day and night,
Then would sinne dye, that with illusion blinds
The eye of nature from her blessed light:

And man would loue the good, and hate the euill,
And honoꝛ God, and tread vpon the deuill.
Some





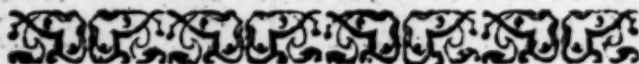
The Soules Harmony.

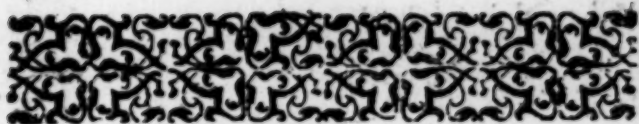
Some heauenly Muse come helpe me sing,
In glozy of my heauenly King:
And from some holy Angels wing,
Where graces do fo: leathers spring,
Oh tizing my hand one blessed Pen,
To write beyond the reach of men:

Let all the subiect be of grace,
Where mercy set in glozies place,
Doth stand before that shining face,
That makes all other beauty base:
That heauen and earth may see the wonder;
That puts all wo:ths and wonders vnder:

Let vertues onely set the grounds,
Where Grace but all of Glozy sounds,
While mercy heales the spirits wounds,
Where faith the feare of death confounds:
That heauen and earth may ioy to heare
The musike of the Angels Quire.

Oh,





The Soules Harmony.

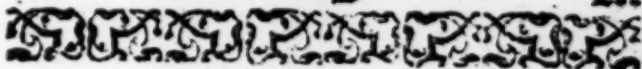
Oh tell the world, no tongue can tell,
How that ioy doth all ioyes excell,
Where blessed soules set free from hell,
In mercy doe with glozy dwell,
And with the Saints and Angels sing,
In glozy of their heauenly King:

Binke not a note beneath the fence
Of glozies highest Excellence,
And keepe vnto that holy Fence,
Where heauens haue all their honor thence:
That Seraphims may clap their wings,
To heare how Grace, of Glozy sings.

Oh, let the Sunne in brightnesse shine,
And neuer let the Moone decline,
And enery starre his light refine,
Before that blessed light diuine:
Of whom, in whom, from whom alone,
They haue their shining euery one.

13

Let





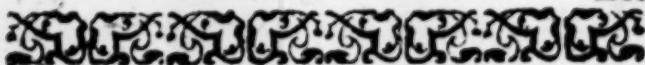
The Soules Harmony.

Let all the Azure skye be cleare,
And not a misty cloud come nere,
But all that brightest light appeare,
Where Angels make their merry cheare,
And all the troupe of heauens may see,
Where all the ioyes of heauen may be.

Let Phœbus in his brightnesse stay,
And drive the darkesome nights away,
And Virgins, Saints, and Angels play,
While Partyes keepe high holy-day:
And all the host of heauen accord,
To sing in glozy of the Lord.

Let all the peere be Summers spring,
And Nightingales all Birds that sing,
And all the fruites that grow of spring,
Be brought vnto this glorious King,
With all their colours and their sweets,
Besore his seete to strow the streets:

Let





The Soules Harmony.

Let hony-dewes perfume the ayze,
That all may be both sweete and sayze,
That may with Mercies leaue repayze,
Unto the seate of Glories Chapze:
That every thing may sitting fall
Unto the glozy of them all.

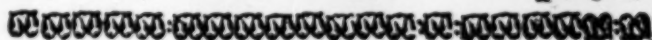
Let all the hearts, the soules, the minds,
That wisdom vnto vertue binds,
And breeds but of those blessed kinds,
That gracious lone in glozy finds,
Agræ together all in one,
To glozifie our God alone.

And when they all in turne are set,
And in their sweetest Musicke met,
And highest skill the note hath set,
Where grace may highest glozy get;
O prayisht soule in mercy then,
May haue but leaue to sing Amen.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

132

Prayse,





The Soules Harmony.

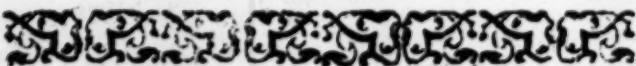
Praise, in the highest of the height of praise,
Straine by thy heart vnto thy spirits note,
There, in the woorth, where all thy wonder staies,
Write to the wits of all the world to quote :

Tell them, oh tell them, that thou canst not tell,
What grace and glozy thy deare God deserueth,
Whose Excellence all excellences doth excell,
While him alone all excellency serueth.

Life, loue, truth, power, grace, pity, bounty, glozy,
Health, comfort, wisdom, vertue, mercy, peace;
These in the state of the celestiall Rozy,
Doe sound the glozy that shall neuer cease,

Whose holy prayes to more height arise,
Then earth or heauen, or Angels can deuise.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

○





The Soules Harmony.

O That my heart could hit vpon a straine,
Would strike the musike of my soules desire
D² that my soule could find that sacred vaine,
That sets the consort of the Angles Quier:

D² that the spirit of especiall grace,
That cannot Roope beneath the state of heauen,
Within my soule would take his settled place,
With Angels Ens to make his glory even.

Then shuld the name of my most gracious King,
And glorious God in higher tunes be sounded,
Of heauenly praise then earth hath power to sing
Where heauen & earth, & Angels are cōfounded.

(broken,

And soules may sing while all heart strings are
His prayse is more then can in praise be spoken.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

B 3

When

